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Life.

HENRY EWING BROWN, '02.

LIFE is divided for us into three,
The *is* and the *was* and the *yet to be*:
The first is ruled by the other two;
What we were, what we will be, direct what we do.

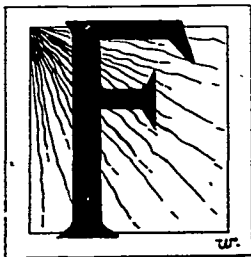
To the past we look to reflect to-day,
What dangers menace our present way;
Past gains and losses afford us light
To run the race of the present aright.

The future rules by fear and hope:
Fear of the trials that the widening scope
Of our powers will lead us to tempt, and yet,
Hope that those trials will be valiantly met.

We look to the past for a present guide,
And our hope of reward in the future confide;
And both shall serve to help us know
And fill our mission in life: to grow.

Marcus Aurelius.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE, '02.



FOR centuries quotations from Marcus Aurelius' "Meditations" have been of current worth. The same will be of current worth for centuries to come. The "Meditations" have been quoted by the churchman as an evidence of the restlessness of man's soul and its dependence on a certain god; they have been explained by the Speculative Schools as indicative of the depth of human intellect and of the quality of pagan virtue. But wherever quoted, or for whatever purpose, the "Meditations" stand alone as the priceless heritage of the noblest of pagan emperors. They are the observations and

confessions of a just, a candid and a charitable man, and because of their high degree of justice, candor and charity, they will be lasting.

Plato wrote in his "Republic" that that state in which the rulers are the most reluctant to govern is the best and most quietly governed, while that state in which the rulers are the most willing is the worst. Marcus Aurelius was a philosopher as well as a king, and he governed unwillingly because he loved philosophy better than dominion. As a Stoic, he fortified himself with his school's most practical maxims, and whether he was forced to make campaigns along the upper Danube or fought to put down the Parthian—during which marches his scant notes prefacing his "Meditations" merely ran, "This among the Quadi," or, "This at Carmuntum,"—he always endeavored to follow his own teaching and to do his duty and not to trouble himself whether his duty lay in the cold or took him by a good fire; whether he was overwatched, or satisfied with sleep; whether he had a good word or a bad one. True to his stoical belief he wrote: "Do your duty whether you are dying or doing anything else, because this last must be done at one time or other." It is the truth of his precepts and the strength of his example that make Marcus Aurelius deserving of consideration.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus was the adopted son of the Emperor Antoninus Pius, who died 161 A.D. The boy was given the best education available, and because of his inclination toward philosophy he early took on the simple dress of the philosopher and adopted the mode of life of the strictest philosophical school—the Stoic. In theory, the Stoics maintained that the wise man should take part in politics; but in practice the life and predilections of the Stoics did not tend toward public affairs. Coming into power after the conquests of Julius Caesar and Augustus, Marcus Aurelius did not rule in a period

opportune either for peace or philosophical quiet. Insurrections were of daily occurrence in the many colonies, and treason a matter of common occurrence in Rome, and, altogether, Marcus Aurelius found the cares of office very exacting and arduous. When his most trusted general, Avidius Cassius, revolted in Syria and endeavored to usurp the emperor's power, Aurelius mourned the traitor's death, and regretted that he should have been thus deprived of the luxury of forgiveness. Throughout the emperor's life his deportment was consistent with his philosophy.

It is a matter of history that Christians were persecuted during the reign of Marcus Aurelius, but this was political rather than religious. The records show that Marcus Aurelius knew little of Christianity and cared less; for in opposition to the quiet and contemplative creed of his school, the early Christians proved to be insubordinate; they rebelled against the existing order of things; they threw the Roman gods from their pedestals; and, at times, acted with almost fanatical frenzy. One of the historians has said that a Roman looked on the early Christians much as we look upon Nihilists and Anarchists to-day. Farrar wrote that if we are to regret that the emperor was not a Christian, we must call him the "noblest of all pagan emperors," and seek in vain for a Christian monarch to place beside him. Before he started north on the expedition which proved to be his last, Marcus Aurelius, at the request of his loving subjects, discoursed for three days on the deep questions of philosophy—a performance never before required of an emperor. After once more winning victory for the Roman arms, he died in Pannonia on March 17, 180 A. D. Thereupon Marcus Aurelius was generally mourned with a sorrow such as probably never before was felt for a Roman emperor.

The stoicism of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, when less ideal and more practical, was the stoicism of Marcus Aurelius. In one aspect of this school the deity is but a fiery air-current; in another he is Zeus, the intelligent and almost personal lord of the universe. Marcus Aurelius, as we may conclude from his life and work, leaned rather to the simpler ethical teaching,—exhortations to a virtuous life are more frequent than speculations on the origin of things. Alice Zimmern, in her preface to Collier's translation, holds that Marcus Aurelius speaks of God in language

that "suggests vividly to us the omnipotent, omniscient Deity of Monotheism."

The Stoics believed that the individual soul must at last be absorbed into the universal soul. From this kinship it followed that man's true good must lie in conformity with the Deity. But God and reason are identical; therefore, life in accordance with reason must be best suited to the constitution of the soul. Such life, also, must be in accordance with virtue, hence, virtue is the highest good, and happiness consists in virtue. With the Stoics virtue alone is admirable, virtue is absolutely self-sufficient.

Stoicism, after having been "tempered by concessions to common sense," was introduced through the Greek to the Roman world. The Romans were above all practical, and since they were a nation of soldiers and lawyers, they greedily took from Greece whatever of her culture they wished, and adapted that to their own conditions. Still, during the worst and wickedest days of the empire, the Stoics worked a wholesome restraint, so much so that they became very unpopular and frequently were banished. Epictetus when banished showed a resignation fairly Christianlike. He said: "Dare to look up to God and say: deal with me for the future as Thou wilt, I am of the same mind as Thou art; I am Thine: I refuse nothing that pleases Thee: lead me where Thou wilt: clothe me in any dress Thou chooseth: is it Thy will I should be an exile, be poor, be rich?"

The "Meditations" were the emperor's observations made up of unconnected reflections on the things of time and eternity. When considering the instability and insignificance of all human things, Aurelius recorded: "The vast continents of Europe and Asia are but corners of the creation; the ocean is but a drop, and Mount Athos but a grain in respect of the universe, and the present instant of time but a point to the extent of eternity." Remarking on the kingly prerogative, Marcus Aurelius observed: "It is a royal thing to be ill-spoken of for good deeds," and in respect to gratitude: "Some men when they do you a kindness at once demand the payment of gratitude from you; others look upon you as their debtor."

Thus are the books that constitute the "Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius filled with the gems of pagan philosophy—and gems not always in the rough but often rarely set.

The stoic emperor has deserved the many

admirers he always has had. His religion was not "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," but rather, "Let us use this life well since we have no other." The Epicurean would have man depart from life as a guest from a banquet; the Stoics would have man leave the stage as an actor who has performed his part.

And though it is a matter of regret that Marcus Aurelius could not have known the infinite satisfaction of loving the gentle Nazarene who lived and died but a few generations before, Marcus Aurelius was an honest man and one true to a philosophy which was his religion. He was candid, simple and charitable, and in conformity with his tenet he left the stage of life as an actor who had performed his part.

Dayston's Infatuation.

ROBERT J. SWEENEY, '03.

After seeing the few sights of the town the thought struck Byron B. Dayston, young American tourist, that he might go up to the station to await the coming of the trans-European express. He had arrived in Brindisi the night before, after a trip across the mountains from Naples and he expected to sail on the Austrian-Lloyd steamer *Ceramis* which would leave soon after the arrival of the train-de-luxe. This train was late, and a couple of hours passed before it came puffing and tooting into the station.

Dayston had whiled away the time smoking and walking about, but now he took the cigar out of his mouth and gazed in wonder, for emerging from a first-class compartment was a very beautiful woman. It seemed to Byron that he had never seen a more glorious creature. Truly, he thought, his wait was not in vain. What gave him further satisfaction was the assurance that this divine beauty was American. The pose, the manner of carrying the head and a briskness and boldness in the walk was proof enough of this. An elderly lady, apparently French, accompanied her carrying some hand luggage.

Dayston was one of the first on board the steamer which was moored on the dock opposite the hotel. Leaning over the railing near the gang-plank he watched the interesting life on the street below. Peddlers of both sexes with every variety of costume and

articles for sale; lithe boys who stood on their heads and performed other athletic feats in the expectation of "centesimi," policemen with their military uniforms and gaudy accoutrements, brawny porters rushing here and there with luggage and other impedimenta, clearing the way with shrill cries—the busy Italian scene seemed like a street fair to the unaccustomed eyes of the American.

Soon the lately arrived passengers having refreshed themselves, began to leave the hotel opposite and to come on board. Nearly all had boarded the steamer when the beautiful American and her companion crossed the street and ascended the gang-plank. Byron eyed her, covertly admiring her graceful carriage. She did not notice him at all and immediately went below. The *Ceramis* cast off and slowly steamed down the beautiful harbor. Rowboats alongside containing men and boys who sang the sweet songs of Southern Italy accompanied them nearly to the harbor's mouth, and then drifted astern with their load of small coins and soon became dark specks on the glassy surface.

Past the ancient fortress and palace, which on its rocky isle for centuries has guarded the entrance to the bay and out into the expanse of the sea beyond, the *Ceramis* furrowed its way, but the fair American did not appear. At dinner Byron gazed anxiously around the room without seeing the object of his interest. Before he had finished, however, she entered and sat at a table opposite but facing him. Several times Byron caught himself gazing at the girl, though she, engaged in a lively conversation with her companion, did not appear to notice him.

Hoping for some opportunity to speak to them—that her hat would blow off, that she might drop the book she was reading, or that any other chance of acquaintance might present itself—Dayston hovered near their chairs that evening and the next day. Every time he looked at the girl he felt his interest in her growing. But nothing happened, and they passed the blue isles that lay on the sunny sea like beds of lapis lazuli without having made her acquaintance. At dinner that night he fancied that he caught her looking at him once and his heart had a very agreeable thrill. He arose early and made his way to the deck. The dinner hour was late, and when he came forth he found himself in an ideal Mediterranean evening. A full moon shone out in the

heavens with glorious brilliancy, clothing the decks and rigging with a soft silvery gauze. Broad paths of silver lay on the quietly swelling waters like triumphal avenues, and the slow ripples lapped the sides of the boat in swirling foam. Byron carried his chair into the bow and sat there alone smoking and feeling the soft night air beat against his temples like elfin caresses. Thus he sat for some time, when, just as he bethought himself of going aft in the hope of seeing his fair countrywoman he heard a woman's voice calling in French from the opposite side of the bridge which separated the deck from the bow.

"Steward!" she said, "steward! I wish you would move our chairs to the other side of the deck!" A pause. Byron wondered idly why the steward did not answer. "Steward! steward, I say!" called the voice impatiently. Dayston was wearing white duck trousers, which, with a blue cap, a relic of a yachting trip, was very like the uniform of the deck hands. He arose and turned around. The girl was crossing the narrow bridge and coming towards him.

Byron spoke: "Are you looking for the steward, madame?" The lady looked up and he saw that she was his American. She started confusedly. "O pardon me!" she said in English. "I thought you were the steward. I saw him come up to this part of the deck and seeing you there and your—cap—I thought of course you were he. I hope you will pardon my stupid mistake."

"Certainly, madame, it was only natural." Byron was delighted at this unexpected good fortune, though he did not rejoice in being taken for a deck hand. "May I be of service? I shall be delighted to change your chairs for you if you wish it."

The girl consented, still protesting her contrition at the peculiar mistake she had made. Byron was asked to sit down with them, and for a short time he enjoyed a conversation with the young lady. After she had left him Byron admitted to himself that on his side, at least, it was love at first sight.

"Such eyes and such hair," he thought. "Too bad I did not learn something more about her. Great luck, she is going to Cairo, though—I shall see her there."

Early next morning the steamer arrived at Alexandria. Dayston was late in turning out, and when he arrived on deck most of the passengers had gone. He looked anxiously

for the beautiful American, but she evidently also had left. A Cook's director told him that most of the party were to take the early train to Cairo. Byron hurriedly got his luggage through the custom house and drove to the station. He arrived just in time. The girl and her companion were going through the gate onto the platform. After some persuasion he induced the official to let him through without a ticket. He saw the object of his interest about to get into her compartment. Striving to appear casual in his movements he strolled near, recognized her, and assisted them into their seats.

"May I give you my card," Dayston said after some little talk. The lady consented and started to draw her card from its case. Just then the signal to start was given. Byron took the card, and catching hurriedly the name said:

"May I ask where you are going to stop in Cairo, Miss—Remington? I shall be there in a couple of days and will be delighted to see you."

"At Shepherd's," Miss Remington cried as the cars began to move. Dayston took off his hat and the train was gone.

Hurrying outside the station he summoned his fiacre and ordered the native "cabby" to drive to the "Khedinal." Settled comfortably in the vehicle, Byron thought of the card and looked for it. But the card was gone. "I guess I dropped it at the station," he thought. "It's hardly worth while to go back for it now. I am pretty sure the last name was Remington."

Byron's impatience to see again the beautiful American was the cause why he cut short his visit to Alexandria, ignoring most of the beauties and curiosities of the great Oriental mart. He soon found himself on a train bound for Cairo.

Down the level valley, past little native villages and farms, through larger stations where the swarthy natives clambered around the coaches with Turkish coffee, oranges, fresh figs and other refreshments, on and on they sped, but ever the clinking of the rails spelt out but the one name, and his thoughts constantly dwelt upon her. Even the sight from the car windows of the majestic pyramids did not much arouse him.

The first out of the station at Cairo, he jumped into a carriage and shouted: "Shepherd's!" The fleet horses sped away through the picturesque streets and soon halted before the wide verandah of the historic Shepherd's Hotel. He had arrived some time before the

dinner hour, but Byron was so careful in his dressing that when he descended, dinner was being served. He entered the large dining-room and was shown to a seat. He gazed anxiously about him and soon espied his friend at a table some distance away. She was sitting between a dark handsome gentleman ("her brother," Byron thought) and her companion on the boat. Later he succeeded in catching her eye and she smiled very sweetly. After he had dined he arose and went out into the office.

Through a curtained archway he heard sounds of music, and following several persons he entered. It was a large room heavily carpeted. Around the curtained walls people were sitting on luxurious divans. From a minstrel gallery over the entrance languorous Italian and Oriental music floated down. Little Arab boys were distributing coffee among the guests.

In one corner he saw the object of his search and her party, and he went towards them. The fair American arose, and extending her hand said: "Glad to see you, Mr. Dayston. You did not stay long in Alexandria, did you? Harry,"—she spoke to the gentleman who was standing behind her—"this is a steamer acquaintance of mine, Mr. Dayston. Mr. Dayston—my husband!"

The Dress of the Ancient Irish.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, 1903.

The earliest inhabitants of Ireland have left no name or history. Of their clothing we know little, but we are warranted in assuming that it was of the rudest and most primitive kind,—probably the skins of animals, or tunics made from rushes, such as were found on skeletons discovered during the last century in a cave of the Sierra Nevada in Spain. In the museum of the Royal Irish Academy are portions of this barbaric dress, which with its wearer were found in a bog in 1821. To the remarkable preservative properties of peat we owe our meagre knowledge of the clothes worn by this primitive Irishman. The garments were composed of skins laced with thongs, and the various seams were carefully stitched with fine gut. Other fugitive specimens of a like dress, such as skin mocassins and skin caps, have also been unearthed, from all of which we get a notion of the

clothes worn by the Irish of that shadowy age.

We next pass to a period when dress materials were woven. Love of the beautiful, which is a distinctively human characteristic, began to manifest itself in ornamentation. According to O'Curry, one of the earliest entries in the ancient books of Ireland refers to a law regulating the colors to be worn in dress: "Tighernmas, the son of Olliol, then assumed sovereignty. . . . It was by him that gold was first smelted in Erin and that colors, brown, red and crimson, were first put into clothes." At this period the people were divided into classes and each class could be more easily recognized by the prescribed color of its dress. This custom is observed even to-day among certain tribes in India.

Some descriptions of the dress worn by noted characters of a later date have come down to us. In the "Tain Bo Chuailgne" we read that Conor Mac Nesa, king of Ulster, who lived about the beginning of the Christian era, "wore a crimson, deep-bordered, five-folding *Faun* or tunic, a gold pin in the tunic over his bosom, and a brilliant white shirt, interwoven with threads of red gold, next his white skin." Another warrior "wore a green cloak, wrapping him about; and there was a bright silver brooch in that cloak at his breast. He had a brown-red shirt interwoven with thread of red gold, next his skin and descending to his knees." In the same work is to be found a reference to the dress worn by a prophetess who lived in the reign of Queen Maeve of Connaught, the contemporary and foe of Conor Mac Nesa. "She had a green, spot-speckled cloak upon her; and a round, heavy-headed brooch in that cloak over her breast."

A story laid at the beginning of the seventh century contains a description of the clothes worn by the Scottish prince, Cam, and his associates who fled to Ireland to escape the wrath of his uncle. "Fifty warriors, a crimson five-folding cloak upon each man; two flesh-seeking spears in his hand; a shield with a rim of gold at his back; a gold-hilted sword at his girdle; his gold-yellow hair falling down at his back. Each of their wives wore a green cloak with borders of silver, a smock interwoven with thread of red gold, brooches of gold with full carvings, bespangled with gems of many colors, necklaces of highly-burnished gold, a diadem upon the head of each."

The dress of a famous beauty, Bec Fola,

whom Diarmaid, monarch of Erin 600 A. D. wooed and won, is thus described: "She had on her feet two pointless shoes of white bronze, ornamented with two gems of precious stones; her kilt was interwoven with threads of gold,—she wore a crimson robe and a brooch of gold fully chased and beset with many-colored gems in that robe. She had a necklace of twisted gold around her neck." Manifestly Bec Fola was an up-to-date young woman, and a penniless suitor or a struggling husband found the dress problem as serious then as in more modern times. Nor are we confined to mere verbal descriptions for a knowledge of the female attire then in vogue. In 1843 a complete female antique dress was discovered many feet below the surface of a bog, and is now in the Royal Irish Academy. According to Lady Wilde, "the dress consists of a bodice with a long waist, open in front, and attached to a full-plaited skirt; which, like the Albanian fustanell, consists of several narrow, gored breadths, gathered into small plaits at the top and spreading into a broad quilling at the bottom; each plait being stitched on the inside to preserve the form. The bottom of the skirt measures twenty-two feet and a half in circumference, and there are ninety-two plaits most elaborately arranged, so that the joining of each of the narrow breadths should fall within a plait. The material is of brown woollen cloth." On reading this one is inclined to conclude that modern Parisian dressmaking is but the revival of a lost art.

We are also indebted to the bog for a specimen of male attire of the same period. Lady Wilde mentions that in 1824, the body of a man completely clad in woollen antique garments, was found in a bog near Sligo, six feet below the surface; and so perfect was the body when first discovered that a magistrate was called to hold an inquest on it. The garments also were in such complete preservation, that a photograph was made of a person clad in this antique suit, with the exception of the shoes, which were too small for an adult of our day, and a drawing from this photograph is one of the best and most beautifully executed illustrations of the Museum catalogue. The costume of this ancient Irish gentleman is exceedingly picturesque, consisting of trows of plaid pattern, made wide above, like Turkish trowsers, but fitting close to the leg and ankle; over them was a tunic of soft cloth most elaborately

gored and gusseted, showing high perfection in the tailoring art. The skirt of the tunic, which extends to the knee, is set on full, and measures eight feet in circumference to the bottom. The sleeves are tight and open at the elbow, like an Albanian jacket; and over all was thrown the immemorial Irish mantle, so invariably worn, so indispensable a portion of Irish costume that it passed into a proverb among the Welsh, "like an Irishman for the cloak." The cloak in this instance is composed of brown, soft cloth, made straight on the upper edge, which is nine feet long, but cut nearly into the segment of a circle on the lower. The form resembles closely that worn by the Calabrian peasant at this day.

The dress of the Irish did not escape the notice of Giraldus Cambrensis who lived in the reign of Henry II. of England. Like Henry, too, he had not much use for the Irish. "Their custom is to wear small, close-fitting hoods, hanging below the shoulders a cubit's length, and generally made of party-colored strips hanging together. Under these they use breeches and rugs instead of cloaks, with breeches and hose in one piece, or hose and breeches joined together, which are usually dyed of some color.... Moreover, they go to battle without armour, considering it a burthen, and esteeming it brave and honorable to fight without it." Wright, in a commentary on this passage, remarks that the account given by Giraldus is necessarily obscure, because written in a language that supplied no equivalent terms; but connecting it with other sources of information he believes that their dress consisted of the following articles: What Giraldus calls a *caputium* was a sort of bonnet and hood, protecting not only the head, but the neck and shoulders from the weather. It was conical in form, and probably made of the same sort of stuff as the mantle which Giraldus names *phalingium*, from the Irish *falach*, meaning a rug or covering of any sort. This cloak had a fringed border. It was worn almost as low as the ankles, and was usually made of frieze, or some such coarse material. The richer classes of men used cloth of a finer quality, with a silken or woollen fringe, and of scarlet or other colors. Many rows of the shag or fringe were sewn on the upper part of the mantle, partly for ornament and partly to defend the neck from the cold; and along the edges ran a narrow fringe of the same texture as the outer garment. The covering for the lower part of the body, the

thighs and legs, consisted of close breeches, with hose or stockings made in one or sewn to them. The breeches was a garment common to the Celtic nations and is often mentioned by the Roman writers. One of the provinces of Gaul got the name *Gallia Braccata* from the distinguishing article of native dress. The brogues or shoes were made of dried skins, or half-tanned leather, and fastened with lachets or thongs of the same material.

The Irish costume, says Lady Wilde, seems to have been half Oriental, half Northern, like the compound race that peopled the island. The trows were the same as the German *braccae*, while the tunic was Albanian and the mantle Eastern, as well as the high, conical head-dress, which is identical in form with the Persian cap of the present day.

Dr. O'Connor, another authority on the subject, says that the dress of the ancient Scots (Irish) was, like their manners, exceedingly plain. The fashion of their vesture was admirably adapted to the manners of a martial nation, and it received very little change through succeeding ages; it helped to display action, and exhibited the actor in the most advantageous manner; it bears a perfect resemblance to the costume of the ancient Greeks. One piece of the dress covered the legs and thighs of the wearer very closely. The *braccon* or vest was fastened with clasps, and so conveniently contrived as to cover the breast better than any modern garment; while the close sleeves of the flowing mantle gave the soldier all desirable advantages in the use of arms. Over the whole they wore a *fallung*, or wide cloak, which covered them from the sun and rain and served also as a very convenient bed in the field tents. Great has been the evolution from the picturesque garb of the ancient Celts to the unpretentious dress worn by their many descendants in America to-day.

Light Heart Ne'er Sinks.

TWO little chics in a boat on the water,—
A mother's son and another ma's daughter—
Bounced the boat roughly until a wave caught her,
Balanced her lightly and then tipped slightly;
Into the water the two chics slipped quietly,
Each holding onto the other one tightly.

Light things don't sink, so no danger they dreaded;
Like ducks in the water they gracefully treaded,
For she was light-hearted and he was light-headed.

H. E. BROWN,

Varsity Verse.

AN INVITATION.

(Horace, Odes I., 20.)

PLAIN Sabine wine wilt drink with me
From cups of modest size;
I bottled it when shouts for thee
Went ringing to the skies,

When in the theatre didst hear
A nation's welcoming song,
Which Vatican Hill and Tiber near
Caught up but to prolong.

Though Coecuban thy goblet fills,
Of brands I've no great host,—
The wealth of Formide's fabled hills
My cellar does not boast.

C. L. O'D.

MOST LIKELY.

When Gabriel blows his trumpet,
And the graves give up their dead
To hear the last great judgment
Of the court that's overhead;
And the Book of Life's been opened
And each fate's been meted out—
While woe and lamentation fill the air—
Won't the dear recording angel
Hear some nervy mortal shout
That his case was not decided "on the square?"

T. D. L.

NOT GENUINE.

Though encircled by a band,
Stating you were made by hand,
Yet I have no other hope,
Than that I possess a rope.

On the shelf, then you will stay,
Till the "grafter" comes this way,
When he finds you, I'll be bound,
He'll not make a second round.

While appearances portend
You were given by a friend,
Yet to me alas, you are
Just a make-believe cigar.

L. M. F.

A PIPE-DREAM.

The soothing air of springtime fair
Had steeped my soul in slumber;
But as I slept 'round me there crept
The groans of distant thunder.

And while I dreamed to me there seemed
Two calls in quick succession
Came floating o'er my fast-barred door
That sued for a confession.

Long ere I woke, soft rings of smoke
Were spied by one whose care it's
To jot on white as black as night
Twice twenty-five demerits.

D. O'C.

THE PROVIDENCE OF NATURE.

We know that nature does provide;
This earth she guards, a loving *mater*
For see, the bed of every lake
Is covered with a sheet of water!

C. O'D.

The Biter Bitten

EDWARD F. QUIGLEY, '03.

Hardwin dawdled down the street, a market-basket over one arm, his threadbare coat buttoned closely, and an old silk hat topping off his emaciated features. Wright and Smiley came out of Cohen's store across the street, and espying the miserly Hardwin, one of them hailed him. Cohen was Hardwin's most implacable enemy ever since the store-keeper had cheated him out of three dollars and fifteen cents playing seven-up three years before.

"Hullo, Cap," exclaimed Wright who had motioned for Hardwin to stop.

"Mornin'," stiffly answered the latter, nodding to Wright, but not wishing to look his companion in the face, for Hardwin owed Smiley an account amounting to ten dollars. That very morning Hardwin had received the twelfth letter regarding the matter from the "Collective Agency," but knowing that the statute of limitations was about to bar the debt, Hardwin desired to forget the affair until after the climax had passed.

"Say, Cap," began Wright with a sly wink and a confident nudge, "we're fixin' up a scheme that we're agoin' tu ketch Cohen on. It's a new game, the slickest thing you ever heerd of, an' we're agoin' tu pull th' ole rascal's leg till we're good an' ready tu let go; an' say, Cap, we jes' been talkin' tu him an' he's dead easy—oh, he's too easy to make it interest-en. Cap, it's goin' to be rich—ho, ho, ha, ha, ha—eh, Smiley?"

Hardwin's eyes by this time were as big as an owl's, and the thought of getting the best of Cohen had caused an exultant grin to replace his usual sinister expression. Too stingy to take a newspaper, he had never dreamed of the scheme which Wright was about to disclose.

"Now, Cap, ye won't say nothin', will ye, 'bout this tu no one? Ye see, this is strictly confidential, as we expect to git ye in on th' deal if yer willin', but if ye decide not tu come in ye promise not tu say a word tu no one?"

Hardwin nodded mechanically and waited for Wright to continue.

"Well, Cap, here's how it came about: th' other day when I wuz up tu Deetroit, I met a feller in th' hotel, an' as I wuzn't doin' nothin' we got tu talkin'. He asks me where I wuz from, and I tells him Spiketown; then he

asked a lot o' questions 'bout 'th town: how many people we got there, how much wealth and so forth, you know. Perty soon he tells me if I want tu make fifty er a hundred dollars without no one knowin' anything about it, he can put me next, see? So I says 'all right,' an' then he tells me that himself an' three other fellers run foot races same as hosses, you understand? 'Now,' says he, 'get next tu some feller in your town what can afford tu lose a couple o' hundreds, and pertend yer wise. Tell him you want tu give him a pointer: put his money on one man, fer th' race has been fixed up aforehand, ye understand. Then ye hustle round an' git yer friends tu bet against this feller, see? But hev some other feller do th' bettin' so as th' sucker won't ketch on. The race goes off O. K. an' everything is workin' to a T when the guy what the feller had spotted his dough on takes a tumble jes' before he reaches the line—the other feller wins, an' we pockets the pile, pertendin' all the time to be sore o'rselves 'cause we has lost money too, ye know.' I thought the racket was first class, an' we could rope Cohen in on it, so I tells the feller tu git his partners an' come down right away."

Hardwin nervously shifted his market basket from one arm to the other.

"Me an' Smiley here," continued Wright "has jes' been pumpin' Cohen, an' he's fell right into th' trap slickar'n a whistle. He's got two hundred in his safe that he's willin' tu bet right now. Say, Cap, won't it be rich though, ha, ha, ha!"

"He; he, he!" snorted Hardwin.

"But now, listen, cap; ye see we but got tu git enough together between us all tu cover Cohen's bet, ye know, an' that's why we stopped you. Have ye got a little ready money—

"Yes," interrupted the delighted Hardwin.

"That ye don't need at present?"

"Yes, all you want."

"That ye have no particular use fer an' don't care what you do with it?"

"Don't give a darn." Hardwin, by this time, had pulled out an old-fashioned yellow pocket-book with a rubber band around it and was about to open it, when Wright suddenly exclaimed:

"Hist, Cap, here comes Cohen. Put it away quick. The race won't go off fer awhile yet an' we'll have plenty o' time tu consult ye."

Cohen approached the trio and called

Wright aside to speak to him. Smiley then addressed Hardwin:

"By the way, Mr. Hardwin, I hope to get in on this proposed deal, and must get together a little money. You can pay me that ten dollars this morning, I'm sure."

Hardwin reddened, coughed, tried to sneeze and fumed:

"Why—er—ye see I need—ahem—the matter of fact is—er—" At last he saw he was cornered.

"Yes, I guess I can pay you," he muttered between his teeth, and painfully extracted a ragged bill from his pocket-book which he reluctantly handed to Smiley.

He didn't do any marketing that morning, but straightway went home, his eyes fixed stolidly on the ground before him.

In the Smoker.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN.

In the smoker of the Western Limited two men sat in silence. The smaller, who was also the younger, gazed fixedly out of the window as if he found the landscape deeply interesting. The other, tall and dark, moved uneasily in his seat and seemed bored. A little white-haired old man, who for some time had been anxiously watching these two, leaned forward and spoke:

"Can either of you gentlemen tell me how long it will be before we reach Loring?"

The younger man stared at him momentarily, then resumed his scrutiny of the landscape. The other was more communicative.

"In about an hour," he replied.

"Thank you." The old man resumed his seat, but seemed to be worried, for after gazing about restlessly for a few minutes, he again addressed them.

"Do you mind if I trouble you about a matter that concerns me?" He glanced appealingly from one to the other. Again, it was the larger man spoke.

"Not at all! Sit right down here, and I will give you what information I can," he said.

"Well," began the old man, "I had a boy, who came down to Acton about fifteen years ago. A few months after he left home our house burnt down and we moved to another town. Somehow we lost track of him and he of us. We haven't heard from him since. But things have changed lately. Business has

prospered with me, and I felt I could spare a few weeks to come and look for my boy. So, Mr. ——" he paused.

"Brown is my name."

"So, Mr. Brown, I thought perhaps you could tell me something. The last I heard of him was that he was in Acton. His name is Pagett, Walter Pagett," said the old man.

Brown pondered. "Pagett! No. I know some Pagetts, but they were born hereabouts. But—"

Here the smaller man eagerly broke in.

"I remember a young fellow by that name. It was about fifteen years ago. He had blue eyes, light hair—"

"That's right! that's right!" interrupted the old man.

"He took up with Dick Sanders," continued the young man. "Most likely Sanders knows something of him. The address is 437 Oak Street, Acton."

The old man was most profuse in his thanks, and the young man returned to his scenery.

"Loring," called the conductor.

"Here the old man gathering up his effects left the train.

As he disappeared out the car door the blond-bearded young man whirled around and hoarsely addressed his companion.

"For God's sake, sheriff, dispatch this telegram. Take it down as I give it."

"DICK SANDERS,

"437 Oak Street, Acton.

"As my best friend do what I ask. Elderly man will arrive in Acton to-morrow. Will ask you about Walter Pagett. My name when still respectable. Man is my father. Swear Walter Pagett died decently ten years ago.

"FRED WILLIAMS."

"Send this immediately," he said. "Do it for his and my mother's sake, will you?"

"Of course I'll send it," answered the sheriff. "Here," he called to the colored porter, "send this right away. Pay for it with this."

The porter nodded and disappeared.

The train rolled on, and the silence was only broken by the sobs of Walter Pagett, thief, embezzler and forger.

Misunderstood.

Said the maiden as she giggled so demure;

"You're the sweetest thing in all this land, I'm sure."

Then the young man's heart began to fill with glee;

But she meant it for the bull-pup, don't you see? R. H.

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—The bimonthly examinations catalogued for February 24-25 have been postponed to next Friday and Saturday. This arrangement will better enable students to participate in the religious exercises with which the Catholic Church always begins Lent and will also afford them more time to prepare for the examinations. Each should receive due attention.

—The annual report of President Eliot of Harvard University is said to contain for the first time a reference to athletics. The changes in football rules, he thinks, are not for the better, but have been followed by an increase rather than a decrease of injuries, and the ethics of football, which are the imperfect ethics of war, do not improve. He is of opinion that athletic sports in general are unduly patronized in our colleges and secondary schools. "There is now a series of competitive games which cover the entire academic year; and the distraction of large bodies of students from the proper work of the university grows more intense and continues year by year." That this is true there can be little doubt; and the distraction affects other students than those who are athletes. Note the limited topics of conversation that engage the student outside of class, and you will find that amongst these, athletics holds a very prominent place. Religion, science, literature or even politics is seldom discussed.

The man who can sprint a hundred yards in ten seconds is a far greater hero in their eyes than the inventor of the wireless telegraph. It is well to aspire to the possession of physical strength, but at the same time let the cultivation of the intellect not be neglected.

—One of our feminine writers, the author of a new book which has created quite a stir in literary circles, says that she writes only when she feels inclined and when it amuses her to do so. Here we find again the old fallacy of inspiration. How many a student has despaired of writing prose and verse, more especially because a first faint attempt failed: there was no inspiration forthcoming. What a fruitless, tiresome old world this would be if inspiration or inclination were waited for in every line where endeavor now holds sway. It is a good thing for us that during the wintry season our coal-diggers do not cease their work for want of inspiration, or because inclination does not make of their work an enticing amusement. No one, of course, will deny that for literary excellence, or excellence in any of the arts, there is required a certain amount of talent. But just as necessary to the embryo author as this talent is the capacity for work,—long and earnest work. For, as Brander Matthews says, "Literature is not an affair of slippers and arm-chair, of mint-julep and fox-hunt; it is a task, a toil unceasing and unrelenting." It is true that both Homer and Virgil prayed at the opening of their masterpieces for the inspiration of the Muse. But what student of the classics does not know of the vast amount of labor and exertion Virgil spent upon his *Æneid*, and beautiful and perfect as we may deem it, death alone prevented its author from devoting much more time and labor to its further perfection. The works of which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are the fruits extended through years. These literary giants of ancient Greece and Rome did not produce their masterpieces because "the spirit moved them," nor because they found in writing a pleasant diversion, but because they were indefatigable workers who shirked no labor. Some one has defined genius as the capacity for infinite effort, and we think not without justification. That to be successful in letters or in the arts it is necessary to have the inclination or inspiration, or call it what you will, is a literary heresy which the ambitious student must repudiate.

The Semi-Final Debating Contests.

The semi-final contests for the purpose of choosing three men to represent Notre Dame in the debate with Oberlin on April 11, were held in the law room, Sorin Hall, last Monday and Tuesday evenings. Perhaps never before in the history of polemics at Notre Dame has greater interest in the try-outs been manifested, both by the students in general and by the contestants themselves. The crowded hall each night, the prolonged applause that greeted the contestants, and the close decisions of the judges are proof of this assertion. Especially has this been the case in the semi-finals. An idea of the closeness of these contests may be had from the fact that on the first night one judge tied four men for second place, a result that was almost duplicated the succeeding night.

New debating methods were introduced. Instead of six set speeches and two rebuttals, such as was the custom in former years, we had six set speeches and six rebuttals. The new system is the better, since it gives each debater an opportunity to rebut the arguments of his opponents. In general, the speeches were well written and well delivered, and gave evidence of careful preparation and a thorough knowledge of the question which is above all necessary in extemporaneous speaking and successful rebutting. There can be no doubt that any three of the six survivors of these contests would be well qualified to represent Notre Dame in debate at Oberlin. However, to determine who these three shall be a final contest will take place in Washington Hall on March 11. The order of the speakers on that occasion will be: first affirmative, O'Grady; second, Farabaugh; third, Griffin: first negative, Bolger; second, Kanaley; third, Barry.

A debate with Butler College of Indianapolis is expected to be arranged for some time in May. In that contest the second three from the above teams will defend the honor of Notre Dame. Should this latter debate fall through, for no definite arrangements have been made so far, the men of the second team may console themselves with the reflection that to them also belongs the honor that may come to Notre Dame in April; for without their efforts the first team would not have reached its present standard of excellence.

G. A. F.

An Hour with Father Younan.

The lecture on "Life in India" was a rare treat to every student who went to hear Father Younan in Washington Hall last Saturday. In some of us it awakened a feeling akin to that evoked in Cortez and his men when they first gazed on the Pacific "in wild surprise." We got a glimpse for the first time of a great, strange and wonderfully picturesque country, and of the manners and religious beliefs of a people with whom we seem to have little in common. Only a man like Father Younan, deeply versed in the lore of the East and long a resident of India could present the panorama to such advantage. We regret that we can give no more here than an imperfect synopsis of his remarks.

India, he said, is a country of fable and myth and darkness, a land whose people have altered little during the last four or five thousand years. Its population numbers about three hundred and fifty millions, or one-fifth of the whole human race, and these speak more than a hundred different languages and over two hundred different dialects. Amongst the natives are to be found the best and lowest physical types, as well as followers of every form of paganism. The great religious divisions are the Hindoos, the Mahommedans, the Buddhists, and the Parsees who live in the vicinity of Bombay, and are descended from the Persian fire-worshippers. The Hindoos are by far the most numerous, and are divided into four castes: priests, warriors, merchants, and servants. The pariah belongs to no caste at all. This caste system is the great curse of India, and it is also the greatest foe to Christianity. When an Indian is converted he loses his caste and immediately has to be provided for by the missionary. Each profession, no matter how menial, is a caste, and members of one caste may not marry with those of another.

Born in a particular caste the native remains a member of the same all his life. The castes are easily distinguishable by their dress, the style of which has not altered for centuries. They are very fond of ornaments, and those able to procure jewels wear them very profusely. The food of the inhabitants consists largely of vegetables and fish. Millions of the inhabitants have never tasted meat. Forks and spoons are unknown to them; neither do they sit on chairs at table like Western

peoples. The better classes never drink intoxicants of any kind. It is remarkable in time of great famine how patient and resigned they are to the will of God.

After a survey of the population of India, their social and religious customs, Father Younan went on to describe Indian scenery which he believes to be unsurpassed. Very soon he had the audience of the same opinion, for he brought to his aid a series of the finest stereopticon views ever seen at Notre Dame. These showed the Himalayas at different altitudes, Indian storms and sunsets, the Hoogley, pagan temples, idols, household gods, heathen religious services, funeral customs, palaces, fortifications, railroad terminus at Bombay, temple of the winds, types of Indian natives, jugglers, methods of transportation, valley of Cashmere, rush of glaciers, everything strikingly interesting about India and her life. Father Younan has a charm in his manner of speaking, and he certainly gave us a broader idea of that land so oft described by our English poets. P.

Foundation of Universities.

Between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries a great awakening of intellectual activity was noticeable throughout Christendom. This was due in a great measure to the methods adopted by the popes of that period, who did all in their power to establish a reign of law and order. Any study that might improve and elevate the minds of the people received their earnest support. The clergy, too, were very generous in assisting the advance of learning in all its branches, and often granted large sums to the cause of education. In all the schools connected with the cathedrals, instruction was given free. These cathedral and cloister schools are looked upon as the germs of the great seats of learning, which, through the care of the pontiffs and the liberality of the clergy, gradually transformed themselves into the large universities. The attitude of the popes of the time toward the advancement of learning is well expressed in the words of Pius II:

"The pearl of knowledge makes a man like to God, leads him to investigate the secrets of nature, is an aid to the unlearned, and raises one of humble birth to the highest distinction. Wherefore the Holy See has ever encouraged the cultivation of the sciences and

of letters, and opened institutions of learning in order to bring the boon of knowledge within the reach of all."

The popes granted special charters of privileges to the new universities, and even went so far as to furnish them with chancellors and professors. Rome has been likened by Cardinal Newman to Jerusalem, since from Rome, as did the apostles from Jerusalem, the heralds of knowledge started forth to make their influence felt over the whole world.

Of the universities, that of Paris is perhaps the oldest. But the memory of the famous scholars who taught there would alone suffice to make its name lasting. The place flourished at the beginning of the twelfth century when under the guidance of the learned William Champeaux and his monks from the abbey of Saint Victor. At this time also Peter Abelard, the noted pupil of Champeaux, was teaching here. Saint Thomas and his teacher, Albertus Magnus, likewise exercised the influence of their great intellects in this patriarchal seat of learning. Other French universities of less importance sprung up at Lyons, Avignon, Bordeaux and Bruges.

In Italy, Salerno became the great centre for the study of medicine, while Bologna, under the direction of Werner, came to be regarded as the leading law school of Europe. Besides the Italian youths, no less than ten thousand students attended the University of Bologna. As early as 1262 the enrollment went as high as twenty thousand. Other flourishing Italian Universities were founded in Rome, Padua, Naples, Pavia, and Florence. The college in Rome, founded in 1244 by Innocent V., was called *Sapienza*. It was greatly advanced by Boniface VIII. from whose time it was known as the Roman University.

Prague has the honor of being the oldest University in Germany. It was founded in 1348 by the Emperor Charles IV. Its rise was quick, and students from all Europe took advantage of the many opportunities it offered. The fourteenth century saw the rise of other universities in Germany, notably those in Vienna, Heidelberg, Cologne, and Erfurt.

The Scandinavian kingdoms were not behind the times, and large institutions of learning at Copenhagen and Upsala held their doors open to the knowledge-thirsty youths. Poland boasted of the University of Cracow, which in 1496 counted as high as fifteen thousand students. Salamanca, established during the

middle of the thirteenth century, was looked upon as the oldest and most celebrated of the Spanish universities. Other schools, not so well known, began in Spain and Portugal, at Valladolid, Valencia, and Alcala.

In England the universities of Oxford and Cambridge were modeled largely after that of Paris. During the reign of Stephen in 1231, Oxford saw a wonderful growth. At this period the place had the task of furnishing knowledge to the extraordinary number of thirty thousand students.

Cardinal Henry Wardlow founded the first Scotch University at Saint Andrew's in 1264. This was followed in 1450 by the establishment of the University of Glasgow by Bishop Turnbull, and of Aberdeen in 1494 by Bishop Elphinston.

The University of Dublin was begun in 1311 by Cardinal Leech who had a brief from Pope Clement IV. authorizing the undertaking.

In connection with the universities proper, halls and burses were introduced for the maintenance of poor scholars. Among these was the Sorbonne at the University of Paris.

From this time on the universities were held in the highest regard by all, and often the most important questions were submitted to them for arbitration. As the years advanced the great schools lost nothing of their old-time influence. Their good results will ever be felt, though their value may not be appreciated by the people at large, as it was in what some persist in calling the dark ages.

MATTHEW J. WALSH, '03.

Book Review.

THE MAKING OF OUR MIDDLE SCHOOLS. An Account of the Development of Secondary Education in the United States. By Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph. D. Longmans, Green & Co.

The aim of this work is to give a comprehensive view of American educational development. By "middle schools" the author means those that are intermediate between the primary grades and the college; the education received at such schools he characterizes as secondary in contradistinction to the elementary training of the primary school and the philosophical education of the college.

Professor Brown divides our educational history into three sections: in the first, or colonial period, the old Latin grammar school flourished; the characteristic secondary school

of the second period, which extended from the Revolution to the Civil War, was the academy, and the third period, which leads from then down to the present time, is the age of the public high school.

"Real American institutions," Prof. Brown says, "might be expected to develop with the development of real American nationality. In the beginning there could be only such institutions as might arise under the mingled influence of a desire to be like the mother country and a desire to be different." Since then in the beginning, we imitated, to a greater or less degree, mother England, the author fittingly opens his work with a chapter on the "Grammar Schools of Old England." In some respects this is the most charming chapter in the whole volume. It is unusually interesting to glance over the rules that obtained in the schools of Shakspeare's time, written in the quaint English of the day; it is interesting to find that the "scholars" of the sixteenth century studied the same works of Cicero and Xenophon that we to-day study. Furthermore, it is delightful to get a view of the character of such noble school patrons as John Colet, John Brinsley, Christopher Wase.

"Our Latin grammar schools," Professor Brown says, "were largely imitations of Europe, though even in them we find some modification made to adapt the old institution to the new environment. The academies, on the other hand, showed much less of the influence of their English prototypes, and early assumed a distinct American character. The high schools have been from the early days of their career about as thoroughly American as any institution we have yet developed. As in the development of the grammar school, the author draws a parallel between the English and the American academy, and traces clearly and methodically the development of our secondary schools.

The academy was under the direct control of a board of trustees. Whether or not this system of management became odious to the people, the historical fact is that an objection raised to the system "resulted in the formation of educational institutions under direct public control." This was the beginning of our modern public high schools.

In the chapter on "Special Movements," Professor Brown gives perhaps as complete and accurate an account of Catholic education in the United States as has yet been compiled.

C. L. O'D.

Athletic Notes.

The members of the baseball squad are slowly but surely settling down to their regular work, which was interrupted during the past few weeks by sore arms. The effects of vaccination are rapidly disappearing, and the men seem to have derived more ginger from their short rest.

**

The result of last Thursday's try-outs will appear in the next issue.

**

Ralph Becker, one of the strongest candidates for catcher's position, received a bad fracture of the elbow while practising last Monday, and may be laid up for some time.

**

Captain Hoover has introduced a new method of training, and, we believe, one that will be productive of good results, if continued. He divides the entire squad into two teams and then pits them against each other in a two-mile relay race. Each man is called upon to sprint two laps, with the result that the contest is generally very close, and that each runner has to put forth his best efforts. No contest serves better to bring out all the speed a runner has than a relay race, and it was in just such trials as these that Corcoran, Glynn, Kirby, Guerin, and other of our stars, were developed. Besides, it is the most popular and exciting event in the whole list of track and field sports, and always arouses both the contestants and the spectators to the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

**

The Annex basket-ball team annexed the Carrollite's scalp to their belt last Saturday evening, defeating the latter in a well-played game by a score of 12 to 2. The Annexationists surprised everyone by their brilliant playing, and their team work was of such a high order that the Carrollites were at a loss how to prevent them from throwing goals.

The Carrollites struggled hard in the first half and succeeded in holding the Expansionists down to four points, but in the second the Annex men ran things to suit themselves. O'Connor, Draper, Gray, Gage, and Trentman did excellent work, while A. Winters, Lawton, and Usera were Carroll's stars.

The game aroused more enthusiasm than any played so far this season. The Annex

rooters, under the leadership of Dr. Pino and the Hon. A. Ill, shouted long and loud. They sprang a batch of original war-whoops and yells that silenced Carroll's rooters, and once or twice it so affected the Referee that he cried, but Eugene, the Barrister, pleaded the case to him and he subsided. Society was also represented at the game; David L. and his irrepressible smile being there, as well as J. Astor O'Neill, and Mr. J. Percy Shields.

Immediately after the game, the Hon. Ill took up a collection for the purpose of buying photographs of the members of the team to hang up in the Annex. The collection netted two chews and a smile.

LINE-UP:

ANNEX		CARROLL
Gage, Trentman	R G	Lawton
O'Reilly	L G	Winter
Draper	C	Pryor
O'Connor	R F	A Winter
Gray	L F	Usera

**

With regret we notice that the great spirit of friendly rivalry in athletics among the Halls has been allowed to die out, and in its stead a spirit of indifference reigns supreme. Heretofore, this rivalry was productive of some of the best contests on track, gridiron, and diamond that one would care to see. To win the proud title of Inter-Hall Champions was the ambition and earnest desire of each Hall, and to this end they directed their best efforts. The result of all this enthusiasm was an added interest in Varsity athletics, which was of great benefit to the Varsity. But to-day we are face to face with a blankety blank, don't-care-what-happens spirit that is a great detriment to athletics in general and is sure to be the death of it, unless a determined effort is made to revive the old spirit. Why not begin at once? The track team needs new recruits, and the baseball team, for that matter.

An inter-hall track meet would bring out a large squad, and perhaps result in the discovery of a few "dark horses." Why not have one? Let the leaders in the different halls get together and select a suitable date. Then mass meetings can be held, managers and captains elected, and candidates called for. Sorin has already taken the matter up, and Brownson holds a mass meeting to-night. Will the other Halls do as much? We hope so. If they are possessed of the right college spirit they can not refuse. J. P. O'REILLY.

From the Newspapers.

HOOSIER.

As Indiana is the Hoosier State it may be worth while to note the many accounts that have been given of the origin of the word *Hoosier*. According to Bartlett, who wrote about the middle of the last century, the term is a "corruption of *husher* from their primary capacity to still their opponents." This explanation has been extensively accepted. Mr. Charles E. Houtaling in his "Hand-Book of Useful Information," published in 1901, explains its origin as "a corruption of *husher*, formerly a common term for a bully in the West." Another explanation is that it is a corruption of "*who's yere?*" the gruff inquiry invidious outsiders aver to be used by residents of Indiana when one knocks at their door. The word, as it is commonly understood now seems to connote a rough, uncultivated farmer; and the term is no longer confined to citizens of Indiana.

The latest philological dissertation on the origin of the word appeared the other day in one of the Indiana dailies. The report goes:—

"Before General Clark captured Fort Vincennes, and as far back as when the ownership of the territory was in dispute between Spain, France and England, adventurous spirits began to settle in the dense wilderness of the southwestern part of the state and to carve out homes. As the land was not surveyed, they squatted wherever interest or inclination directed in the forest solitude. In time surveying began, and here and there the surveyors would encounter a previously unknown clearing. They would inquire, 'Who's here?' and jot the name down on the survey. This became the regular practice, and in time the 'Who's here?' became 'Hoosier,' as anybody familiar with the growth of language may readily surmise. This conclusion is made more probable by the fact that a large part of the unlettered early settlers pronounced *here* as if spelled 'huhr,' giving it something like the sound in the latter part of myrrh. They told their dogs to 'Come huhr!' and invariably pronounced 'here' in that manner. With this termination 'Who's here?' would the more easily become Hoosier. Instead of the unknown settler being designated as a 'Who's here?' he became a Hoosier, and it was finally applied to all men of the territory and state."

Dr. C. R. Barnes, a professor in Chicago University, made some caustic comments recently on the behavior of some college students. The following extract is taken from his address as reported in the *Tribune*:

"One of the worst features of student ways," he said, "is the apparent delight which they take in defrauding the university and of cheating and fooling the professors at every opportunity. Many of the students will do all in their power to obtain things that they desire from the faculty and few of them are particular as to the means they employ. This course of conduct is anything but honorable, to say the least."

It is not manly to regulate one's conduct by many of the senseless customs that have grown up in college life. A large number of these customs are the outgrowth of tradition, and tradition has affected the student's code of ethics more than regulations have.

The fact remains that much of this tradition has given rise to practices which would not be countenanced if used by a man who had passed his student days.

One of the worst of these practices from an ethical standpoint is the custom of 'swiping' the property of others. You may call it what you please but it is nothing more nor less than robbery. You take a poster, a sign, a spoon from a hotel and carry the articles to your room. You are a thief when you do it, and the fact that you are a student does not excuse you.

Then you go out on the streets and howl and yell and do things that are beyond the power of reason. You act loud in public places and often forget entirely that you are supposed to be gentlemen. If a man in private life did these things he would be arrested for breaking the laws. You escape because you are collegians. This condition of things is wrong and people are beginning to recognize the fact."

**

TOBACCO USERS.

Tobacco, like all elements which have an effect upon the nerves, differs widely in its action upon different individuals and no sweeping statements can be made. Upon most constitutions its action is deleterious. It is always injurious before the period of complete development and cannot be used before the age of 25 without harm. Dr. Seaver, director of the physical laboratory at Yale, tabulated the record of the students entering that university during nine years, when all the young men were examined and measured. The smokers averaged 15 months older than the non-smokers. They were also shorter in stature. Nicotine interferes with growth, and its effect in that regard is very measurable. At Yale during the four-years' course the non-users of tobacco, although taller when they enter, gain 24 per cent more in height and 26.7 per cent more in girth of chest than do the habitual users. Dr. Hitchcock of Amherst College, found even greater differences. The difference in the lung capacity is very striking in the two classes, and has been noticed by all observers. It shows the effect of tobacco on the respiration, nicotine being a potent depressor. As regards the effect of nicotine on the mental processes, it is more difficult to interpret the meaning of statistics. Out of the highest scholarship men at Yale only 5 per cent use tobacco, while of the men who do not get appointments, 60 per cent use it. It is not necessary to interpret this as meaning that mental decrepitude follows the use of tobacco by young men, for there are other factors to be considered; but it is certainly not conducive to the best work.—*World's Work*.

Personals.

—Mr. Charles B. Brounstein of Cincinnati, Ohio, a student here in '66-'68, paid a short visit to his *Alma Mater* recently. Mr. Brounstein was delighted with the new Notre Dame and was also pleased to meet his old prefect, Bro. Urban.

—The wedding of Mr. Patrick J. Nelson to Miss Marie Helene Harrington of Dubuque, Ia., has been recently announced. Mr. Nelson was a graduate of the '98 Law Class, and was a famous football player in his day. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him all success.

—Cards are out announcing the wedding of Miss Helen Mary Carter of Waukegan, Ill., to Mr. Thomas D. Sexton of Chicago. Mr. Sexton was a student of Notre Dame; he was the donor of a painting to St. Edward's Hall. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him well.

Local Items.

—Found a scarf pin. Apply to Mr. Frank Hartzer, Carroll Hall.

—Washington's Birthday celebration will be observed at Notre Dame on Monday.

—Messrs. Baer and Petritz efficiently manipulated the lantern slides at last Saturday's lecture. Both were recently the recipients of some interesting electrical supplies which may be seen at their rooms. The musician has been engaged to kill snakes in the Rockies next summer.

—A miniature Paderewski "bearded like the pard" wrought consternation in Sorin Hall Reading Room the other day. The first few notes he struck on the piano awoke the biggest man in the hall from a deep slumber, and sent the unfortunate few who were not asleep scurrying towards the door, but before they had reached there the door had jumped off its hinges in an effort to escape.

—A regular weekly meeting of the St. Joseph Literary Society took place last Wednesday evening. The question: Resolved, that a high protective tariff raises wages, was the subject of much discussion. Messrs. Madden and Zink supported the affirmative; Messrs. O'Phelan and Casey, the negative. The judges decided in favor of the negative. Messrs. O'Donnell, Malloy, and Welsh entertained the society with recitations, and Mr. Sheehan rendered a very pleasing vocal selection. Messrs. Griffin and Toner ably justified their appointment as critics.

—A special meeting of the Senior class was called by President Crumley on Sunday evening, February 15. Two committees were appointed by the chair to transact certain business for the class; the first consists of Messrs. Wurzer and Sweeny, the other is a committee of one on which Mr. O'Malley is to serve. A second extra assessment was levied which the Treasurer was instructed to collect. Mr. Barry, chairman of the class-pin committee, was urged by the chair to have a full report ready for the next meeting which is to be held on Saturday, Feb. 21.

—Moot-court work has been resumed, and the case of Madison Tup. vs. Smith was tried last Saturday night. This was an action to secure damages for breach of a contract for teaching. There was a judgment for the plaintiff in the lower court, but defendant appealed. Messrs. Higgins and Gaffney appeared for the plaintiff, while Davitt and Casey represented the defendant. The jury in the superior court returned a verdict for the plaintiff, but a motion for a new trial was sustained by Col. Hoynes who presided as judge. Judge Hubbard has begun to teach Code Pleading, and Col. Hoynes will take up Common Law Pleading next week. At present the class

is studying Criminal Procedure, and this important branch of the law will be covered about the first of May.

—The first meeting of the New York State Club since the Christmas recess was held in the Columbian Room, Main Building, on Saturday evening, February 14. The meetings of this club have been in the past noted for large attendance, and the meeting on Saturday night was no exception to the rule. After the minutes, which were read by Secretary Gardiner, were accepted, several committee reports were heard and approved. The session was a long one, for it was not until after much important business was transacted that a motion for adjournment was carried. Despite the large attendance several members were absent. These are earnestly requested to attend future meetings which will be announced by the secretary through the columns of the SCHOLASTIC.

—In the office of the Director of the gymnasium are special instruments for testing the strength of the lungs, back, legs and arms. These strength tests are conducted in precisely the same manner at Notre Dame as at all the large eastern universities. During the early part of the week, T. A. Toner, the present holder of the total strength test here, decided to make a new trial. Failing to make a favorable showing in the legs and back lift, he reached for the horizontal bar, and succeeded in breaking the pull-up record. Trials may be taken on Thursday and Sunday mornings, free of charge. The following are the best records made at Notre Dame since January 1, 1901:—

TOTAL RECORD:

First—T. A. Toner.....1385.2 Kilos
Second—W. N. Langknecht.....1247.2 "

Lungs.

First—W. N. Langknecht.....62 "
Second—E. J. Peil.....54 "

Back.

First—T. A. Toner.....365 "
Second—D. K. O'Malley.....362 "

Legs.

First—T. A. Toner.....680 "
Second—B. McCullough.....672 "

Push Ups.

First—W. N. Langknecht.....31 Times
Second—T. A. Toner.....27 "

Pull Ups.

First—T. A. Toner.....27 "
Second—E. O. Canedo.....20 "

U. Arms and Chest.

First—T. A. Toner.....341.7 Kilos
Second—W. N. Langknecht.....308 "

Right Forearm.

First—J. F. Powers.....84 "
Second—C. M. Church.....80 "

Left Forearm.

First—T. W. Eggeman.....82.5 "
Second—P. Corcoran.....74 "

Lung Capacity.

First—B. McCullough.....396 Cub. in.
Second—W. J. Guerin.....366 "

P. J. WEISS.